

Athenian News:

O R,

Dunton's Oracle.

From Saturday July the 8th, to Tuesday July the 11th, 1710.

The Proverbial-Post, or a Poetical Descant upon English Proverbs, a Work never attempted before in Verse, writ by A. B. C. D. (or the Society of Poets) and will be continued every Saturday in Dunton's Oracle, 'till his 3000 Posts have furnish'd out a Universal Entertainment.

P R E F A C E.

TIS a just Observation that the *Wisdom of most Nations consists in their Proverbs*, which are short Sentences relating to the Management of Humane Life, drawn not from Books but Experience of things. Not to speak any thing of those *Sacred Ones of Solomon*: Profane Ones are our present Subject. I must needs say the *Spanish and Italian Adages* not being so common to me as those of our own Country, have been exceedingly pleasant to me. *Sancho's Proverbs in Don Quixot*, must be allowed to be some of the most diverting Places of that Incomparable Romance, tho' the *Clown* frequently gives better Advice than the *Knight Errant* is capable of following, and indeed if *Horace* may be believ'd—

——*Ridentem dicere verum*

Quid vetat.

Nay, 'tis frequently a more effectual way of telling Truth than any other, a *short Jocular Sentence* striking deeper in the Fancy, and remaining longer in the Memory than a long winded Re-proof or Admonition.

The *Spaniards* have a Proverb, *Great Men and Fools may say any thing*. As one or both of these. I take upon me to present the World with the following Collection of Proverbs, *not after Ray's Method*, nor any other Author that I know of in any Language; I believe I may be so confident as

to affirm, that 'tis *Indictum ore alio*: For tho' th Proverbs themselves may perhaps be some of 'em as *Old as Queen Elizabeth*, I have turn'd 'em into Verse, which is a little harder than a certain *Author's transposing of some of Spencer's Fairy Queen*. Nay, were the very Lines far Older, I might have hopes of their passing for New, when the *Celebrated Tatler* inserted a Diary of the Siege of Troy in one of his Papers, meaning I suppose both for *Wit and News*.

I can't according to the laudable Custom of *Prefaces* commend my own Performance, for let me say what I will, *People won't be persuaded out of their Eyes and Reason*. I may tell 'em as often as I will, I am an incomparable Author, better than *Congreve, Prior, or Bickerstaff*; I had as good keep my Breath to cool my Pottage, for not one courteous Reader will believe me; and indeed the infidelity of the Age is arrived to such a height that they won't believe things, much better attested than my Poems can be by *my own Panegyrics*, tho' Pen'd never so well, *More Bickerstaffiano*. Nay, the *Evangelists* themselves are oblig'd to 'em, if they think fit to give any Credit to 'em, such is our refin'd Sense, and so many are there who would not only correct the *Mass-Book*, but the *Magnificat*.

If I meet with a *favourable Pardon*, 'tis all I expect, for I had rather for once err by my self than be in the right, only by the Authority of the *Ancients*, for I must confess I am for *new Things*, and *new Methods of thinking*, in every particular but Religion, which I must needs confess I take to be better deliver'd than for me, or *W——n* to be able to correct.

I am impower'd by *A. B. C. (or the Society of Poets)* that are concerned in the following Collection, to take it all on my self, one being sufficient to bear the Envy and Censures of the prejudic'd

Wor

World, and therefore tho' there are *Four* concerned, have all along spoke as if I only were the sole Author of the *Proverbial-Post*. For

*All Novelties must this success expect,
When good our Envy, and when bad neglect.*

Money makes the Mare to go.

OUR Fathers in Adages were not unknowing,
Who said that 'tis Money the Mare sets a
(going.

'Twas true when old *Bess* fought with *Philip* of
(Spain Sir,

And 'tis ne're the less true in the Days of *Queen*
(Ann Sir,

It enlivens us Men and gives Metal to *Horses*,
In the course of this World and *New-market*
(courses.

If you don't Fee the Jockey you're surely behind
(Sir,

Tho' your Metalsome Racer be fleet as the Wind
(Sir.

Your Pocket must bleed, would you have your
(Steed lasting,

'Tis *Elixir* of Gold keeps the Spirits from wast-
(ing.

But take away this and your Wager is lost Sir,
He stands or else runs on the wrong side the Post
(Sir.

He stops in the midst and let's all over-take him,
Nor lashing nor Noise of a Rival can wake him.

In vain on the Heath you your cause will debate
(Sir,

For 'tis Money alone that will purchase the Plate
(Sir.

Buy your Victory thus, for you lose if you slight
(Sir,

And they still run the worse if you make them
(the lighter.

Thus the Fate of the Coursers to Money is owing,
That can hinder their speed and can set 'em a go-
(ing.

The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still.

1.

THE Vicar of Bray
Turn'd every Day,
For fear of his Place and his *Rhino*,
When King *Harry* the Eight
Was displeas'd with his Mate,
Then Divorces were *Jure Divino*.

2.

When the Pope lost his Crown
And the King seiz'd his own,

When the Articles made such a Pother,
In one Place did swing
The Traitors to th' King,
And the Hereticks burn in another.

3.

He was too light to choke
With an Halter or smoke,
But kept to his *Gain* and his *Text* Sir,
Nor car'd he to burn
Before 'twas his turn,
Not in this wicked World but the next Sir.

4.

With *Queen Mary* he was
A Defender of *Mafs*,
But when *Betty* was once in Possession,
He Idols defy'd
Yet kept to his side,
And worship'd *Diana* the *Ephesian*.

5.

Had it been for his *Gain*
He the *Turk* would Maintain,
And ha' preach'd up *Old Mahomet's Pigeon*,
With a Case harden'd Face
And a Conscience of *Brass*,
And a Weather Cock for his Religion.

All covet all Lose.

TO covet all—is straight to lose your Pelf,
For nought remains—when Man has lost
(himself.

For 'tis the SOUL our Riches is, and Fence,
But when 'tis *Little, mean and scrapes* for Pence,
T' has lost its All—I mean its Excellence.
CONTENT—is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind,
And happy he who can that Treasure find.
But the *Base Miser* starves amidst his store,
Broods on his Gold and Griping still for more,
Sits sadly pining and believes he's poor.
Th' unhappy Man slave to his wild desire,
By feeding it, foment the raging Fire.
His Gains augment his un-extinguish'd Thirst,
With Plenty poor, and with Abundance Curs'd.
This Man's a Fool and Knave to starve his Flesh,
That he might others, not himself Inrich.
He only knows the Care his Son the use of Gold,
He Covets all, but loses all his hold,
The only Vice grows young as Men grow Old.
En't this a FOOL that starves his very Soul,
That his young Heir might Revel with his Gold.
Like the *Poor Dog* that makes the Wheel his Seat,
He only Toils for other Men to eat.
He Covets all, but loses all at Death,

Loses for Deathbed-Charity is none,
Nor never did for scraping Life atone.
'Tis true if *scraping Usury* he Gilds,
To hide his Vice an Hospital he Builds.
And thinks the Injustice largely is repaid,
To keep ten Beggars for ten thousand made.

*Then all is lost to him that covets thus,
For with his Soul, he loseth too his Purse.*

He'll feed the Poor—but 'tis not till his Death,
For mark---till then he nothing does bequeath,
Like scraping *JANE* (a) he gives with dying

(Breath.)

Like *Jeffery Stevens* when he comes to dye,
He'll give to Death a noble Library,
I say to Death, for no Man's said to give,
What he'd hoard up if he cou'd longer live.

Was ever *FOOL* under so great a curse,
Belly and Back he robs to fill his Purse,
Poor Wretch—('scape Hell) you can't be worse.

This scraping Fool, has wore his Coat to Rags,
He wants among Rich Pawns and Golden Bags.
Nay ev'n his very Wealth does make him Poor,
For all his want ariseth from his Store,
He loses all by coveting the Oar.

His Greedy Mind is wholly set on Pelf,
Good—he will do to none—not to himself,
All his---*Good Deeds*---lie seal'd upon his Shelf.

And when he dies this only may be said,
Here lies one that was born that liv'd and's dead.
By whom Death lost his Labour, he's no more,
But a dead Lump, and so he was before.

Having shewn the scraping Miser's losing Fate,
I'll prove some Rich that han't a single Groat,
They have Content, and that's a good Estate.

Content is all we aim at with our Store,
And having that with little, what needs more.

This *Wealthy Man* in want has full supply,
'Tis Heav'n he breaths and there's no Poverty.

We to our selves may all our wishes grant,
For nothing coveting we nothing want.

They cannot want that wish not to have more,
Who ever said an Anchorite was Poor.

Fools covet all—but I dare stand confin'd,
To Wealth of Body and content of Mind.

A Soul that can securely Death defy,
And count it Natures Priviledge to dye.

Serene and Manly harden'd to sustain,
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain.

(a) *Madam Jane Nicholas, late of St. Albans is here meant, who scarce gave 5 s. to the Poor in a Life of near 80 Years, but left at her Death 50 l. Yearly to the Poor of St. Albans, in case her Daughter my present Wife had no Heir to enjoy her Estate.*

Guileless of Hate and Proof against desire,
That all things weighs and nothing can admire,
He has enough—and need not Clamber higher.

Then who that e'nt a very Fool or Mad,
Wou'd lose by getting—want that Wealth he had.

Nay shou'd he lose two Farthings of his Pelf,
Warn't it some charge, the wretch wou'd hang
(himself).

But the brave Soul *that covets nought but Heav'n*,
By *Losing* all is to his Harbour driven.

The Belly has no Ears.

1.
VVhen D—D—F—
A Reviewing did go,
And acted the K—and *Polonian*,
When he made it his aim
Our Land to defame,
And extol the poor scrub *Caledonian*.

2.
He spoke and he writ
Without Reason or Wit,
By the Belly's loud Eloquence charm'd Sir,
Which tho' quite deaf and dumb
Would needs overcome,
With force irresistible arm'd Sir.

3.
In vain any Friend
To advise would pretend,
'Twas his Belly that made him show 's Art,
Cause he famine did fear
To cure plainly here,
Yet praising the North Country Desert.

4.
The Senate in vain
Would deter him from Gain,
Resolving the V—n (a) to humble,
His Belly did call
Much louder than all,
And much more sonorously grumble.

5.
They never could do't
'Tis in vain that they Vote,
The Pill'ry in vain they propose Sir,
He Leather could spare
From an *Asinine Ear*,
And his Belly had no Ears to lose Sir.

(a) Let no *Honest Whig* wonder at this Character, for tho' I own D--D--F--is a Man of a great deal of Wit and Sence, and when he writes in *Defence of the late Revolution*, no Author can exceed him upon that Subject, but I shall prove if he answer

All's Fish that comes to Net.

1.
Whatsoever thing I see,
Rich or Poor altho' it be;
'Tis a Mistress unto me.

4.
Be my Virgin Fair or brown,
Do's she smile, or do's she frown,
Still I write a Sweet-heart down.

3.
Be she rough or smooth of Skin,
When I touch I then begin,
For to let Affection in.

4.
Be she bald, or do's she wear,
Locks incur'd of other Hair;
I shall find enchantment there.

5.
Be she whole or be she bent,
So my Fancy be content,
She's to me most Excellent.

swer this, that he wants a great deal of Ch—and that he has injur'd me in twenty Instances. And for his *Veracity* and good *Manners*, my Reverend Friend (an Eminent Divine now living in the North of England) has given me a Taste of it in these Words; "Dear Sir, you ever had a very Fair Character in these Parts, and I am apt to think your Question-Project has begot you a thousand Friends, (in Leeds, York, Hallifax, and other Places.) But I think it but Justice to Inform you that D—D—F would certainly consume your Reputation thro' the Land were it but in his Power, that I offer'd in your Defence was from a Sense of what you have merited by your two excellent Treatises, entitul'd, *The Christians Gazette*, and *the Hazard of a Death-Bed Repentance*, and also to the many Obligations you have laid me under, and for these Reasons, if my best Friends in the World shou'd endeavour to lessen your Character, I cou'd with a Heart freely dispos'd, assert the Credit of your Friendship, tho' it cou'd be done upon no other Terms than at the expence of theirs. I am sincerely sorry to hear of your late Disappointment, by reason of Madam Nicholas's Injustice, (and am Impatient to see your Essay on her Dead-Bed Charity.) "But remember "Disappointments are good sometimes, Deliverance "will have a Relish when it comes and require some "Ballast to undergo the Trouble of it with an equal

6.
Be she Fat, or be she lean,
Be she fluttish, be she clean,
I'm a Man for ev'ry Scene.

7.
Love's but a Game at Blind-mans buff,
I th' Net all Fishes equal prove,
I have my chance it may be good enough.

Thus Reader have the *A. B. C. D. Society*, given thee a Taste of their *Poetical Descants upon five English Proverbs*, we shall continue this *Proverbial Post* (every Saturday) till we have presented the World with a *Poetical Descant upon all the Remarkable Proverbs extant in all Languages*, and as this is a Work never attempted before in Verse, we hope 'twill meet with a kind Reception from the Ingenious of both Sexes, but more especially from the *Lovers of Novelty*.

"Temper of Mind, and shou'd Life be over before
"it comes, 'twill be much the same thing, as we say
"at the winding up of the Bottom—I am, (Dear
"Sir) your Sincere and constant Friend—T—A—
Thus far my Reverend and truly Generous Friend Mr. T—A—who as he was discover'd to me, D—D—F's Sneaking Base and Rascally Treatment, I thought it necessary to publish this part of his Letter as a Note to my *Poetical Descant upon F's Earle's Belly*, in hopes that *Dunton's Oracle* will be read by all those Persons in the North of England where D—F—(without the least Provocation or Reason) has endeavour'd to cut my Throat, but two of a Trade (if Brothers of the Quill) can never agree, and I don't wonder that D—D—F—shou'd endeavour to lessen that Reputation, which he fancies has eclips'd his own.

Advertisement.

I Have received a most Ingenious Poetical Question (writ by a Quaker) concerning *Astrea*, which shall be Answer'd in Verse next Tuesday, and 'tis hop'd *Albania*, for so this First Rate Poet calls himself) will oblige the World with more of his Verses, for whatever Poetical Questions he sends to *Dunton's Oracle*, shall be speedily answer'd, and that in Verse.

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